

Break Time

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Disclaimer: The Pretender, and its characters, are the property of NBC, MTM and Pretender Productions. Please don't sue. This story has not been seen by my beta-readers, but I still blame them for any and all mistakes. Sorry guys.

Rating- PG Catagory- Humor [I hope]

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by Terri

Jarod stood on the third floor balcony of an office building, gazing out at the people below. He wanted to be out there, with everyone else, doing holiday stuff. Not stuck here, waiting for another day of lies, games and chases to begin. A screech of rubber on asphalt made him lean over the balcony and looked out at the parking lot below. Jarod smiled and headed back inside, closing the balcony door behind him. At least the day wouldn't be a total loss.

Miss Parker glanced at the paper in her hand before jabbing at the 3rd floor button on the elevator. She knew the stairs would be faster, but she never took them, preferring to stoically survive the weekly angst of living with her mothers' murder/suicide. As the doors slid apart and she stepped inside, a voice yelled out to hold the elevator. Parker turned and saw he father, impeccably dressed as always, striding quickly toward her and she reached for the 'open door' button to wait for him. Before she could press it, he slowed down, confident she would stand there all day if he wanted her to. Letting the devil in her take over, Miss Parker jerked her hand back

from the button and watched her fathers' jaw drop in disbelief as the doors closed. He wasn't certain, but at the very last second he could have sworn she stuck her tongue out at him.

As she exited the elevator on the third floor Parker reached for her gun, momentarily surprised when she found it missing. It was then she remembered that she was supposed to be on vacation. A vacation that now appeared to be ruined because of the stupid memo she had received this morning. With her anger renewed, Parker kicked in the door of Suite 303.

Jarod had been looking at a painting when there was a loud thud and the office door flew open. He turned and watched as Miss Parker appeared in the doorway, but before she could enter, the door hit the wall and rebounded, slamming back in her face.

Miss Parker stood outside the closed door and listened to the hysterical laughter from inside the office as her blood pressure rose another notch. This was definitely NOT her day. Standing tall, she turned the doorknob and entered the room, leaving the door open. She glared at Jarod who was trying unsuccessfully to stop laughing as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"I'm so happy I amuse you," Miss Parker snarled as she crossed the room to stand in front of the pretender.

Jarod opened his mouth to answer, but started laughing again instead. He was still at it when Parker grabbed his arm and pulled him over to a chair and pushed him into it.

"I want an explanation of this," she demanded, waving the memo in his face.

Jarod reached into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out an identical piece of paper and handed it to her, barely avoiding a serious paper-cut at it was ripped from his fingers.

"I didn't send it," he assured her as he finally controlled himself and stopped laughing. There was really no need to provoke her further.

Parker read Jarod's paper then threw it back at him.

"I had plans this week," she practically whined as she sank down into a chair across from Jarod's.

He ignored the paper as it fluttered to the floor beside him.

"So did we," replied an irritated voice from the doorway.

Jarod looked up as Mr. Parker and Lyle entered the room, followed by Sydney and Raines.

"Well, the gangs all here," Miss Parker muttered, avoiding eye contact with her father. She wasn't sure if he had seen her childish display as the elevator closed but she wasn't taking any chances.

Sydney immediately went to stand beside Jarod as Raines and Lyle made themselves comfortable on a leather sofa against the far wall.

"What is this all about? Who called this meeting?" Mr. Parker demanded to know.

Everyone in the room looked at each other, waiting for the guilty party to speak.

"Come on now," Mr. Parker continued. "Someone did it. We're supposed to be on a break for the holidays and I have plans."

"So do we," the others chorused.

"It had to be the writers," Jarod reasoned as he stood up, causing everyone in the room to reach for their weapons. He froze, forgetting that it was a day off and nobody was armed. The others realized that at the same time and they all shrugged, settling back into their seats.

"All right then," Miss Parker sighed, "I don't see any writers so if nobody knows what's going on, I'm leaving."

"You're not going anywhere," a familiar voice stated.

They all turned, six jaws dropping in unison. Jarod was the first to find his voice.

"You're...you're DEAD!"

The newcomer laughed derisively. "That's what the writers intended."

Jarod shook his head emphatically. "No, you are dead, Kyle. You don't have a heart!"

Kyle pouted and pointed at Raines. "That's his fault. He made me that way. I wanted to be a nice brother...."

"No," Jarod tried to clarify. "You physically don't have a heart. I donated it to that sick kid with the annoying mother in the desert. You're dead."

Everyone in the room nodded their heads in agreement.

"I shot you," Lyle supplied, earning dirty looks from Jarod and Sydney.

"I see there's been a misunderstanding," Kyle told them as he leaned back against the wall and opened a folder he had been carrying. "It was the writers that killed me. The real writers."

"So?" Rained wheezed.

"So, the real writers aren't the only one's that have control over me. I've been resurrected."

Everyone was trying to figure out what Kyle was talking about when there was a groan from Jarod and he slumped back into his chair.

"What? What's he talking about?" Miss Parker demanded, looking between a smiling Kyle and a pale Jarod.

Jarod looked at Kyle. "Tell me you're not serious, little brother."

Kyle walked across the room and patted Jarod on the back before turning to face the others who waited expectantly.

"In an effort to thank the loyal internet fans, we have been loaned out over the holidays."

There was a stunned silence as everyone came to the same conclusion. Mr. Lyle was the only one brave enough to ask the question.

"They gave us to them, didn't they?"

Kyle nodded his head, feeling sorry for his brother as another groan escaped the pretenders' lips.

"That's right, folks. We've been loaned to the Fanfic writers for the rest of the month."

"How could they DO that?" Miss Parker demanded. "It isn't legal!"

Her father cleared his throat and smiled at the group.

"You all know that's never enforced. Besides, they only get one new episode in December and they did wait a whole six months for the new season to start--"

"Tough!" Miss Parker yelled, jumping to her feet. "Have you seen what those people DO to me? Do you know how many children I've had? How many times I've been forced to have sex with strangers, then pretend it didn't happen? Do you have any idea, any at all, how many different names I have?" She glared at all the men in the room before another thought struck her. "And why am I the only woman here?"

Raines raised his hand. "Because you have a loyal following that hated Brigitte and the real writers got rid of her."

Parker's anger deflated like a popped balloon and she smiled. "Oh, okay," she conceded. "But I'm still not happy about this name thing."

Kyle had been watching and decided it was time to put an end to the suspense.

"I have everyone's assignments. If you cooperate, the fic writers will probably finish with you quickly and you can enjoy the rest of your break. If you put up a fight," Kyle glanced down at Jarod, "then it may take a while longer."

"Let's just get this over with," Mr. Parker demanded.

"What are you worried about, Dad?" Lyle wondered. "You never have your own storyline and all you ever have to do is pop into a scene when Sis and I are arguing or you need to lie to her or cover up for

me."

"Do not call me 'Sis'," Miss Parker warned her new twin.

Lyle smiled and leaned back in his seat. "Well then, shall I choose one of the names the fic writers gave you...?"

Miss Parker cringed visibly. "Sis will be fine..."

Kyle slapped the folder against his thigh to get everyone's attention.

"Let's do this, people. Okay," he looked at the list, even though he had already memorized it. "Mr. Parker, you get to leave the country. Trixi needs you to ruin your daughters plans for happiness on an island. After that, you're free to go."

Mr. Parker tried to hide his smile as everyone else glared at him.

"Next," Kyle continued. "Sydney, you get to spend some time with your new son."

"How wonderful," Sydney replied. This might not be so bad after all.

"I'm not finished, Syd," Kyle informed him. "Enjoy your time with him because Raines is going to find out and have him killed, or not. It appears to be a cliff hanger."

Sydney shot Raines a dirty look and Raines shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm really a very nice man," he told the group. "Didn't I cry when my daughter was killed?"

Everyone nodded their heads and mumbled agreements.

"After you're finished there, Raines, wait a few days to see if that writer gets any feedback. If not, chances are the story will never get finished and you can continue your break."

Kyle turned to the next page in his folder. "Miss Parker and Lyle. You two are going to get to know each other better. You're going to be trapped in a cave for the next two weeks and will survive by huddling together for warmth and you'll think about having sex but you won't."

"Because we're twins?" Lyle asked.

Kyle gave him a surprised look. "No, because it would make the rating go up on the story and it would be labeled 'Adults Only', thereby limiting the readers.

Everyone again nodded in agreement.

"Okay, Sydney," Kyle got the older man's attention. "If that son thing doesn't work out there is a writer in the mid-west that wants to do a pre-Red Rock Jarod story and have you save me from a life of crime. I'll keep an eye on things and meet you there if needed."

Sydney nodded his head and made a note about it on the back of his memo. He was still a little upset that his new son was going to be killed.

"Well, you can all go now...." Kyle tried to usher them out the door.

"Wait," Miss Parker stopped everyone. "What about him?" She pointed at Jarod who was still sitting in the chair, his head in his hands.

Kyle sighed, knowing the poor guy had already figured it out. "Jarod has an assignment as well, but I want to tell him in private, so if the rest of you will go...."

"No way, resurrection-boy," Miss Parker refused. "We want to know what he'll be up to while we're working. I bet he gets to lounge around in bed. I know he's not hooked up with Laura anymore, so at least Witch1 won't be running him ragged."

Jarod groaned again and shook his head. That would be easy compared to where he was going.

While the group started to argue, demanding to know what was going on, they missed Jarod getting up and sneaking out of the room. It was a few more minutes before Kyle could get their attention.

"Okay, I'll tell you!" Kyle yelled over the voices, and everyone fell silent. "On the break, Jarod will be--" he stopped and looked around the room. "Where is he?"

They all headed toward the door to search for him, but before they could get more than a few steps they heard muffled screaming from the hall and the door opened. Two huge sweepers entered, dragging Jarod between them as he kicked and struggled to break free.

"I won't do it! I wont! They can't make me! Noooooo!"

The sweepers closed the door and released Jarod who immediately ran to Sydney and hid behind the older man.

"Don't let them take me, Sydney. Please?"

Sydney was looking between Jarod and Kyle, wondering what was going on.

"It's only a Fanfic story, Jarod. They won't hurt you, you're the beloved hero."

"No, not everywhere," Jarod practically whimpered. "You have no idea what they've been doing to me. I didn't want you to know."

"Now Jarod," Sydney tried to calm the pretender. "What could be so bad?"

Jarod wiped away a tear and mumbled something.

"What?" everyone asked at once.

Kyle couldn't take it anymore.

"He's going to the slash writers."

There was a gasp around the room, followed by silence. Sydney took a step away, just in case something slashy rubbed off his young friend. Lyle noticed and moved to stand beside Jarod, draping his arm across the taller man's shoulders.

"It won't be so bad, Jarod," Lyle tried to assure him. "We had fun last time, didn't we?"

Jarod looked at him in disbelief. "I spent the whole time with you tied up, beaten, drugged and sexually abused."

Lyle was stunned. "And you didn't enjoy that?"

Jarod pulled away from Lyle and sat down, crossing his arms. "I'm not going."

Kyle sighed and knelt beside his brother. "If you don't go, then the writers may decide to use someone else. Maybe even me."

Jarod looked up quickly. He hadn't thought about that, but he didn't want the slash writers to get their hands on his younger brother. They poor guy had been killed twice already.

"Well....." Jarod thought about it and everyone held their breath. "I suppose as long as Lyle is already busy I won't be beaten up. Maybe I can be in a crossover with Alex from the X-Files."

Kyle cleared his throat and nodded. "I supposed there's always that chance....."

"Oh," Jarod continued, getting interested now. "I heard Kai is doing a sequel to Road Trip. Skinner is very nice, you know? And I suppose that Djinn wouldn't hurt me without Kai there to egg her on." He looked at Sydney. "Those two are vicious when they get together."

Sydney nodded, still wondering why he hadn't seen any of these stories. He made a mental note to check out the websites before break was over.

"Well," Kyle grabbed Jarod's arm and pulled him out of the chair, "you're safe from that because Kai and Djinn are otherwise occupied. There are a few new slash writers that want to try their hand at it and I can guarantee you that you will not be, umm...hurt. You have to hurry because they're waiting for you."

Jarod still had visions of Skinner and Alex in his head as he was pulled toward the door. He was so engrossed in the mental images that he almost missed Miss Parker's question.

"Where is Broots?"

Jarod froze, and Kyle cringed. Damn. So close.....

Everyone looked at Jarod who had suddenly paled and looked like he

was about to faint.

"No," Jarod whispered.

Kyle motioned for the sweepers who quickly cuffed Jarod's hands behind his back and held him up.

"Sorry, brother," Kyle apologized sincerely. "I'm not sure, but I think someone read too much into that scene from Betrayed where Broots was patching up your flesh wound." He closed his folder and tossed it on the chair. "If only you had been shot in the arm and not had to pull your shirt up like that...."

"No," Jarod shook his head. "I saved his life. He can't do this to me!"

"Relax, brother. He's just going to.....show his gratitude."

The group could hear Jarod's screams as he was dragged down the hall and into the elevator. As his voice faded, a tap-tap-tap could be heard from the desk. All eyes turned to see Sydney sitting behind the computer. He looked up when he realized he was being watched.

"What's the URL for that slash site?".....

the end

End  
file.